

HALLE GOES JAUNTILY TO CHAIR FOR MURDER OF HIS SWEETHEART.

With a Smile Upon His Lips the Slayer of Mamie Brannigan Suffers the Death Penalty—Said a Cheery "Good-By" to the Condemned Murderers in Their Cells.

(Special to The Evening World.)
SING SING PRISON, Aug. 4.—With a smile on his lips, almost eagerly, Aaron Halle, the murderer of his sweetheart, Mary Brannigan, met death in the electric chair at Sing Sing this morning. State Electrician Davis turned on the fatal current at 6.03 o'clock. Seven minutes later Halle was dead.

Halle went to death with a jauntiness and composure that astonished the prison officials. They expected him to die game, but his absolute indifference astounded them. When Chief Keeper Connaughton led him from his cell, he stepped briskly into the corridor of the death house.

"Well, good-by, boys," he sang out cheerily to the other five occupants of the chamber. One of them was Albert T. Patrick. No one made response.

"Not So Fast," He Said.

Halle turned toward the door of the execution chamber and traversed the length of the death house with such rapid strides that Connaughton had to spring after him and grab his coat.

"Not so fast, man," he gasped. "You'll get it soon enough," Halle smiled.

He was still laughing at the big keeper when he stepped into the execution room. His first glance was at the twenty white-faced and solemn spectators. Then like a flash his eyes turned to the chair in which he was to end his life. He did not examine it critically. It was almost a leap he made to bring himself to it. Two paces put him in front of it.

"I'm all ready," he said calmly to Warden Johnson. Then he rested himself, cast a cold, critical look around the room and in an even tone said, "Good-by everybody."

Smiles at Rabbi.

As he said it he smiled indulgently at Rabbi Davidson, who was nervously fingering his Testament. The electrodes were quickly adjusted to his leg and the back of his neck, and two minutes after Halle entered the chamber Warden Johnson dropped the handkerchief to signal the electrician to turn on the current.

The execution was entirely without incident except for the fact that Dr. J. L. Newman, of Paterson, N. J., fainted as the hum of the instrument told that the death current was passing through the victim's body.

State Electrician E. D. Currier, of Massachusetts, which has lately assisted the system of electrocution, assisted at the execution.

Halle Died Eagerly.

After the execution, Chief Keeper Connaughton said he never before seen a man go so "eagerly" to the electric chair. Halle, he said, appeared to be pleased at his approaching death, although he had expressed no contrition for his crime. Halle went to bed at 10.30 last night and slept well until 4 o'clock this morning. Before retiring he said he would like to have a watermelon, and one was brought to him. He ate it with great satisfaction.

At 4 o'clock Rabbi Israel Davidson, of New York, who had been Halle's spiritual adviser, went to the condemned man's cell and remained with him to the end. At 5 o'clock Keeper Connaughton went to the cell and asked Halle what he wanted for breakfast.

Halle said he had no appetite and did not desire anything. A few minutes before 6 o'clock Keeper Connaughton again went to the cell, this time to lead the man to execution. Halle was composed and followed the keeper to the death chamber without hesitation. By his side walked Rabbi Davidson, who recited a prayer. Halle walked steadily to the electric chair, and was quickly strapped down by Keepers Macaulay, Ealy, Black and McNeal and State Detective Jackson.

Electrician E. F. Davis was in charge of the execution, assisted by E. B. Currier, of Boston.

Sent Thanks to Friends.

Halle left two letters, one for Keeper Connaughton and the other for Rabbi Davidson, in which he expressed his thanks for the kindness they had shown him. He asked Rabbi Davidson to thank the Jewish Aid Society of New York for having done what it could for him. After the execution an autopsy was performed by Dr. C. Gillette, of Bellevue Hospital, New York, and Dr. John McAllister. The body will be given to Halle's father this afternoon.

The witnesses were Dr. C. Gillette, Dr. Arthur L. Newman, Dr. Emmett Howe, of Troy; E. J. Wilson and John McCourt, of New York; George A. Haller, of Elmira, and half a dozen newspaper men.

Escaped the Chair Twice.

Twice before had Aaron Halle escaped the chair through the strenuous efforts of his lawyers. With some of the same good fortune that came to Roland B. Helms and Dr. Samuel J. Kennedy in



AARON HALLE AND THE ELECTRIC CHAIR IN WHICH HE WAS EXECUTED.

that condemned chamber, perhaps because he had at various times occupied the same cells they had vacated, Halle succeeded in living for nearly twenty-seven months after killing pretty Mamie Brannigan.

And all this after his being arrested, held, tried, convicted and sentenced to thirty-eight years after the murder. Through the past two years Halle has conducted himself with the same nerve and composure that allowed him to light a cigarette as he stood over the body of his victim and say:

"She was a good, pure girl, but I hope she dies. She knew it was coming to her."

Although insanity was one of the

many pleas put forward in the effort to save Halle's life, his mental sanity may be judged by the remark he made to Warden Johnson one day last week:

Evidences of Sanity.

"I hope you get the chair fixed up all right, tried, convicted and sentenced to thirty-eight years after the murder. Through the past two years Halle has conducted himself with the same nerve and composure that allowed him to light a cigarette as he stood over the body of his victim and say:

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HIS DEATH MUCH LIKE A MURDER.

Capt. McClusky Believes Unidentified Swede Was Victim of Foul Play.

HURLED DOWN THE STEPS

Negro Was Seen Attacking the Man Who Was Later Found Dying on the Sidewalk.

It is now believed by the police of the East One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street station that the unidentified Swede who was found dying on the sidewalk in front of No. 220 East One Hundred and Twenty-seventh street, about midnight was murdered.

Capt. McClusky went out on the case personally this afternoon and soon learned that the man had been assaulted. He says that he believes he knows who is the guilty person and expects to make an arrest soon.

A man rushed into the station-house early today and reported that there was an unconscious man lying in One Hundred and Twenty-seventh street. Detectives Rooney and Mehan found the Swede. They called an ambulance, but the man died on the way to the Harlem Hospital. His skull was fractured at the base.

The Swede was about thirty-five years old, of 165 pounds weight, 5 feet 7 inches tall. He was dressed in a mixed gray suit of good material and had in his pockets a gold watch and chain and \$19 in money.

It was thought at first that the man had fallen while drunk. Capt. McClusky learned this afternoon that the man was seen trying to get in several houses on One Hundred and Twenty-seventh street earlier in the evening. One man declares that he saw a big negro hurl the Swede from the steps of a house near where he was found dying.

Victim Hugged for Mercy.

"Now, are you going to marry me?"

At the same time he was taking the revolver from his pocket. She saw it and screamed.

"Don't shoot! don't shoot!" and before she could turn to run he had sent a bullet into her back. This was a mortal wound, but she ran back and he pursued her. Ten feet further he fired again and the bullet crashed into the base of her brain, killing her instantly.

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JILTED BY LOVER, SHE TOOK POISON.

Mary Burns in a Pathetic Letter Told "George Holland" He Had Broken Her Heart—"I Will Meet You in Heaven or Hell," Her Last Words.

The shock of the suicide of Mary Burns has not passed away from the block in West Twentieth street, between Seventh and Eighth avenues. That a girl who went twice every Sunday to the Episcopal chapel in Twenty-fifth street, who was the prize Sunday-school scholar and whose life had been devoted to the care of her widowed mother should kill herself for the love of a man is inconceivable to those who knew her.

But the body of Mary Burns is in an undertaker's shop around the corner and the worn old mother, entirely alone in the world, is plodding about making the funeral arrangements, scarcely realizing the extent of her affliction.</